



# A N E L E G I E

Sacred to the Memory of  
**Sir Edmund-bury Godfrey Knight;**

Whose Body was lately found Barbarously Murthered, and since  
Honourably Interr'd, the 31th of *October*, 1678.

**A**N ELEGIE! forbear: who ere *profanes*  
This *lasting Name* with cheap unhallowed strains,  
Commits a *Murther* second to their Guilt,  
By whose *infernal Hands* his Blood was spilt.

So vast a *Merit*, and so strange a *Fate*,  
Must not be *Blazon'd* at the common Rate;  
With *mercenary Rhyme*, *Set-forms* of Praise,  
Or *state Applauses* which bold Flatterers raise  
To pin upon some *Herse*, whose waiting throng  
Mourn onely 'cause the party liv'd *so long*.  
Those *customary Sighs* have here no part;  
We Weep in earnest, and untaught by Art.  
*Slight Griefs* may speak aloud; but those that come  
From deep *Repentments* of our Loss, are dumb.  
As when fierce *Thunder* the Worlds Poles doth shake,  
Or Winds *break Jail*, and make the Earth to quake,  
Mortals amaz'd, can scarce express their Fears;  
But onely court Heav'n's aid with silent Prayers:  
So *this dire Fate* (which equal Terror brought)  
Stifles our *Reason*, and *Benumbs* our Thought.  
A *Chilling Horrour* thrills through every Vein;  
Each honest man by *Sympathy* is slain,  
Or feels with *Him*, though not the *Death*, the *pain*.  
'Tis dangerous to be Good: well may we praise  
*Vertue* or *Innocence*; but who can raise  
A pow'r that shall *secure* them, or withstand  
Th' *Assassinations* of a bloody Hand?

He whose *clear Life* might an Example be  
Of upright *Justice*, generous *Charity*;  
That *publique spirit* that laid out his Store  
T'employ and cherish all *industrious Poor*;  
And ne'r with any did a Feud profess,  
But busie *Treason*, and lewd *Idleness*:  
Whose *Actions* were not fram'd meerly for sight,  
Like artful Pieces plac'd in a fit light,  
That they may take at distance; but appear  
Most *fair*, when you observe them most, and *near*.  
This *LOYAL PATRIOT*, by untimely Fate,  
And *basest cruelties* of unjust Hate,  
Falls as a *Victim* for the Church and State.  
Could we have seen with what *composed Eyes*  
He entertain'd th'astonishing *surprize*;  
How he with *Christian grandeur* did engage  
Their sharpest *Malice*, and their utmost *Rage*;  
Th'ad fill'd our mindes with thoughts *enlarg'd* and *high*,  
And taught *unhappy Heroes* how to die.  
Methinks t'observe how *Vertue* draws faint breath,  
Subject to *Slanders*, *Plots* and *Violent Death*;  
How many *dangers* on *best actions* wait,  
Right check'd by *Wrong*, and ill men *fortunate*:

These mov'd Effects from an *unmoved Cause*,  
Might shake an easie *Faith*; Heav'n's sacred *Laws*  
Might *casual* seem, and our irregular *Sense*  
Spurn at just *Order*, and blame *Providence*:  
Did we not know, there's an *adored Will*  
In all that happens to Men, or *Good*, or *Ill*,  
*Suffer'd*, or *sent*; and what is Man to pry  
Into th' *Abyss* of such a *Mystery*?  
The Rising *Sun* to mortal sight reveals  
This lower *Globe*; but the bright *stars* conceals.  
So may our *Sense* discover *natural things*;  
But those *divine* far above *Human* Wings.  
Then not the *Fate*, but *Fates* bad *Instrument*  
Let us accuse, in each sad accident.  
Good men must *die*: *Rapes*, *Incest*, *MURTHERS* come;  
But *Woe* and *Curses* follow them by whom.  
God Authors all mens *Actions*, not their *Sin*;  
For that proceeds from *devilish Lust* within.  
Nor let the *barbarous Actors* hug their *Crime*,  
Because they *lurk* concealed for a time:  
Heav'n *sees*, and will expose what they have done,  
No doubt, ere long, to *Justice* and the *Sun*.  
Mean time, loaded with *Blood*, *Horrour*, and *Fear*,  
And that which crowns all Villany, *Despair*;  
May they possess their *PURGATORY* here,  
And as *Cains* sin, so his *Self-tortures* bear.  
May they the wounding *stripes* of Conscience feel,  
That lashes *Guilt* with whips of *flaming steel*,  
So long, till they shall count *Deaths* pains far *less*,  
And freely come the *Murder* to confess.

But as when *stinking Exhalations* rise,  
And with *black storms* invade the purer *skies*;  
They can't put out the *Sun*, though *hide* his *Rays*,  
Which quickly he more *gloriously* displays:  
So these *vile hands* in their *Revenge* are poor;  
In murdering *Him*, their *Cause* they murder more.  
*Hells* Agents do but hasten him *Heaven's way*,  
And *Pow'rs* of *darkness* antedate his *day*.  
In vain, in vain, is all their cursed *spight*:  
He still *survives* in Fields of blissful light,  
And with a *pitying smile* from thence looks down,  
Ennobled with a *Martyrs* brighter *Crown*;  
Whilst at th' *Interment* of his *slumbering Clay*,  
A *weeping Nation* shall just *Honours* pay.

F I N I S.

H. C.

Licens'd, *Octob.* 30. 1678.

L O N D O N: Printed for Langley Curtis in Goat-Court  
on Ludgate-hill. 1678.